

# MEASURE



WINTER  
1939



BUNDLED IN A MULTIPLICITY OF COATS, AS IF IN THE FOLDS OF SOME GREAT FLOWER  
(PAGE 73)

# MEASURE

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# MEASURE

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# Symposium on Catholic Action

## Sincerity

Leo Gaulrapp

*Reaching for fundamentals is the hallmark of the truly serious student. The same gentleman, along with Mr. Gaulrapp, realizes also full well that the experience is one filled with adventure. Anything more need not be suggested, for anyone vibrant with life will enjoy an essay of this kind.*

HERE IS A lubricant in men's lives that is as necessary as grease to a machine. It is the one thing that makes it possible for life's cogs to function smoothly. I refer to sincerity — mental honesty, courageous conviction. This item plays its part with good results or fails its part with bad results in every turn of activity of which we know.

But such a field! I should not dare to force so mighty an item into this little essay. On the contrary I will take one section of the general topic of sincerity. To be specific, my purpose is this: I wish to show, or at least suggest that sincerity which necessarily must permeate and enliven Catholic life and action, if it is to continue its advance against the opposing forces of every description.

Therefore, suppose the case of a non-Catholic turning abruptly on you and shooting the query, "Why are you a Catholic?" What would I do? What would you? One could not expect to fire back the answer. The question is too weighty, and the answer larger than the inquiry. I won't discuss the answer. But the point I wish to make is simply that the man whose convictions are hazy and whose faith is more or less negative, he, "Catholic hardly more than in name," to borrow from the Holy Father, will be floored by the question. Great as is the blessing of a Catholic birth, it is a sad fact that in many cases today people, so blessed, lack the proper appreciation of their heritage, fail to perform the necessary mental task to learn its glories. On the other hand, to answer the question would be a pleasure for the type of Catholic who lives on his convictions. Such a man is sincere with himself.

However, I wish not to create the impression that the inability to readily express one's Catholic convictions is always dishonorable. To get the right words at the right time is an art. In the classroom the excuse of knowing it but "can't express it" is rightly rejected. It's too

patent. Nevertheless, it would hold for the sincerest man who, for instance, lacked the opportunity of a higher, formal education.

All can be reduced to this. The sincere Catholic knows why he is such. His sincerity makes him organize, in a mental way, his convictions. Once this is attained there will flow from it inevitably what goes to make up a Catholic. For the Catholic with the courage of his convictions is a Catholic of principles, and these principles based on Catholic truth, are needed now if never before.

Yes, now if never before. In this our land we do not see warfare as we hear of it in Spain, in China. Yet because the warfare that is in our midst is subtle and camouflaged, it is all the worse. All told it is Catholic, Christian principles against the world. Everyone can do his part, must do his bit in this struggle or fail to be a true Catholic. In what field of action a man will work, depends on his abilities, his opportunities. (It is beyond my scope to deal with the many possible fields of action.) His success in his role will depend largely on one thing — his sincerity. It is vitally necessary especially at this time to live our Catholicism fearlessly. We must be militant Catholics, yet not belligerent, that is, we should overcome our adversaries, not antagonize them. This will become easier and clearer as that true sincerity develops, which is born of the desire and love of a Catholic to honor and serve the Christ, and in the way He has given us.

I would now shift my attention to a slightly different view of the question. What are a few things to which Catholic sincerity is a stranger? The Holy Father in his encyclical on "Atheistic Communism" sighs, "There are too many who fulfill more or less faithfully the more essential obligations of the religion they boast of professing, but have no desire of knowing it better, of deepening their inward conviction and still less of bringing into conformity with the external gloss the inner splendor of a right and unsullied conscience that recognizes and performs all its duties under the eye of God." There is too much friction, the mind's lubrication has run out. Does that Catholic possess sincerity who makes the maximum of his religious endeavors the required masses and Easter duty and then shuts the door? If you are not biased you will assent to the negative. No, the man who locks up his religion at the Sunday Mass and lets the key rust till the next required mass only to repeat the process, while he is preparing his own ruin, is exposing to ridicule the very name of Catholic, to quote the Holy Father. When a man professing Catholicism does such with his religion — ceases to live it wholeheartedly, to broaden his appreciation of it — he lacks not only vital sincerity, but a sane sense of values. That type is not ignorant and unread in the current whims. Nothing can balance Faith on the value scale. Hilaire Belloc in his essay "Why I am a Catholic," expresses it, "We expect, we cannot be content without, a living and intelligible Voice and Person. Now the Catholic is that man who has heard such a Voice,

who has come across such a personality, and who is (most nationally) satisfied with its credentials." To quote another such sentiment from the 1938 July number of the *World Problem*, "The Catholic Faith is the most logical, the most harmonious, the most consistent, the most elevating body of truths ever presented to man for acceptance." Such value cannot profitably be left unappreciated, ignored. The ascetic maxim, "In the spiritual life there is no standstill, you go either forward or backward," has meaning for every Catholic and is not restricted to vow-girthed men and women. The professing Catholic of today has a great duty. The Catholic in him must shine forth even in his everyday activities; Sunday conduct is only one-seventh of the worktime for eternity. He who merely tops his religion as a chip skips a puddle, does not run on courageous conviction.

But there is one lack of sincerity which is most retarding in the present struggle. It is a difficult one to overcome; it is rendered more so by the fact that opportunities of overcoming it are irregular. This is the insincerity in our needed militancy. We tend to dodge the religious question in our society. We are bashful in its regard. But to acquire an admirable militancy, a truth-guided Catholic frankness, is not an easy matter. Discretion is vital, for the feelings of outsiders, non-Catholics, are too easily ruffled. However, difficult though this phase may be, it is important, yes, necessary. To dodge or damper the question of Catholic teaching may keep many well-meaning people from the arms of Truth. To act in opposite fashion is to be using a splendid chance nobly to fulfill one's apostleship, lay or otherwise. If such an opportunity rises up before you, don't turn it down. What does the man accomplish who leaves a person in need of First Aid, and runs to look for someone else or a Doctor? He passes up the one chance of helping the ailing individual. So the Catholic, who finds himself on the spot, should not lose that occasion of starting to open the mind of some truth-starved human.

After devoting a little space to what sincerity is and also to what it is not, a question could arise — What about it? That sounds indifferent and probably skeptical also. Well, throw the skepticism away and bury the indifferentism. The times are critical! Here's the point. Running through and influencing all our Catholic actions should be a very earnest sincerity. This furnishes success, for it determines the amount of energy and drive that will be used. This sincerity, this courageous conviction, will make a Catholic firm, and the firmer each individual member of the visible Mystical Body becomes and the less that Mystical Body is weighed down with paralyzed members, the further the kingdom of God will be spread upon earth. Each Catholic owes it to his apostleship, lay or otherwise, to do his part well. One has this to do, the other that. The important thing is that it is a question of how well, in preference to how much is accomplished. That task on the table, which sincerity will make love's labor, is not one that can be shouldered by a small num-

ber, but rather it is one which four hundred millions in the direct service of Christ, must perform as individuals, working under high command, for one eternal goal. For when the whistle blows for an individual to leave the game, that Eternal Coach will judge him by what he did or did not do. His teammates' superiority will not help him, nor their inferiority hurt him. So it is foolish in plunging for that divine goal, to fear you do too much. Only look ahead and give your best for *sincerity*.

## The Two Iseults

N. THEODORE STAUDT

One treasured tears of love  
The other tears of pain,  
Children of light and dark,  
Daughters of sun and rain.

# Prayer

George Lubeley

*Simple interest and susceptibility to a chip on the shoulder is the only requisite for the beginning of this second article on Catholic Action. The surprise comes when the simplicity of the plan soaks into one's consciousness. Mr. Lubeley sets forth a serious problem well.*

THE LEGION of Decency, the Catholic answer to objectionable films; the Catholic Youth Organization fulfilling the need of the sound education of our youth; the Narberth movement's reply to ignorance and bigotry; study clubs delving into the encyclicals of Pius XI and Leo XIII in quest of the Catholic answer to Communism — all loom on the horizon as vital and powerful factors in our cooperation with the hierarchy in spreading the kingdom of Christ. In fact, the more one realizes the true might in the various forms of Catholic Action the more one becomes confused — reasoning somewhat in this fashion: "If these forms of Action are as potent as they seem to be, and Communism, Fascism and Atheism become yet more formidable enemies of Catholicity each day, we must be making a mistake somewhere in our system of Catholic Action."

This conclusion seems justified particularly when we realize that we have either forgotten or disregarded Pius XI's recommendations as weapons against Communism, "the spirit of prayer and Christian penance" (Encyclical "Divini Redemptoris," section 59). It is regrettable that in expanding these recommendations to essay form, if both are examined in one article, the wealth of material forbids due consideration to be given each. But even when we restrict our study to the idea of prayer alone as a form of action we discover how serious has been our mistake in neglecting it. And as the study proceeds we cannot fail to note two main attributes of prayer: simplicity and power.

Prayer is not a complicated form of Action. On the contrary, prayer is so astoundingly simple that it empowers even the child to don a soldier's uniform and assume on the front a soldier's portion of the brunt of the attack. Prayer is so easy to perform that it does not require any extra time on our part, as I shall show later on; it does not require the research of a study club, the concentrated effort of a Legion of Decency, or even the slight expense of a Narberth movement. Prayer is easily the simplest of the forms of Action.

But simplicity does not indicate want of power. Wasn't it Jesus

Christ, the All-powerful Son of God Who said, "If you ask the Father *anything* in My name He will give it to you"? The promise is so clear, so definite that it almost defies explanation or expansion. However, we can appreciate the power implied in it more fully if we restate the quotation in the following manner: In the world today prayer is the most powerful instrument we can employ in obtaining any good — this is the logical conclusion to be drawn from Christ's words. But even if a record of Christ's promise did not exist in Holy Scripture it would be practically impossible to disregard the power of prayer. The constancy of the martyrs under inhuman torture; the repulsion of the barbarian Huns at the very gates of Rome by Pope Leo I; the incredible military victories of the Maid of Orleans; and, to approach modern times, the miracles of Lourdes that baffle the doctors and scientists of our day blaze before the eyes of an indifferent world the fact that throughout the ages the power of prayer has been responsible for the most surprising pages of history.

Once the simplicity and power of prayer have been recognized it becomes unmistakably evident that prayer is also a necessary form of Action. For who can deny that to willingly neglect the use of the simplest, yet most powerful antidote against the deadly "isms" of our day would but merit the displeasure of God? Indeed only recently has He expressed His will through His vicar on Earth, Pius XI, when the latter in his encyclical "Caritate Christi Compulsi" speaks of "the evils of our times (Atheism, Communism, etc.) that can be averted *only* by means of *prayer* and penance." Not that Christ did not Himself enjoin us to pray. "Ask and you shall receive. Seek and you shall find. Knock and it shall be opened unto you." The import of His words cannot be misunderstood. If we wish to receive, we must first ask; if we hope to find, it must be after we have first sought; if the door sealing the vault of God's graces is to be opened, it will be in reply to our knock. In the final analysis the words amount to a command that we pray — pray as did Christ Himself in the garden of Olives. Jesus faced then the crisis of His life. We face now the crisis of our civilization.

The fact is, as soon as a man realizes the necessity of prayer as a form of Catholic Action he is confronted with the problem of the practical application of this knowledge. But the problem does not remain long unsolved. Examples of the manner in which men and women are incorporating the principle into their lives can be found in the news stories of most Catholic newspapers.

Recently the *Catholic Universe Bulletin*, official Catholic newspaper of the diocese of Cleveland, reported the organization of a "Nocturnal Adoration Society" composed principally of working men, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Wooster, Ohio. The society's plan to maintain before the Blessed Sacrament a watch of prayer through the hours of the night preceding the first Friday of the month, while not

original, nevertheless demonstrates what the thoroughly ordinary man can do for the cause of Catholic Action. Nor does the good of such a society cease with its prayer. It was both gratifying and interesting to note that the wives of the nocturnal worshipers, although unorganized, arrived in the morning to continue the adoration through the day while their husbands went to work.

Organizations such as the one described above, the group of students in one college who relay one another before the Blessed Sacrament to plead for the extinction of atheistic Communism, the bands of "Crusaders" in France, the magazine *The World Problem* with its plan for organized prayer — these are only examples of the institutions battling on the "prayer-front" today proving conclusively that corporate prayer as a form of Action is not merely an unconfirmed ideal but an established reality.

But for those persons who are always occupied with duties which prevent them from participating in some type of corporate prayer there remains the efficacious and perhaps more practical petition of the individual. Pause for a moment and imagine, if you can, the impenetrable battlement which we can construct against the evils of our civilization by what one author calls "manual prayer:" the conversion into prayer of every word and deed that we perform during the day. Indeed, it will be the individual with his hours of "manual prayer," his novenas of Masses, his rosaries recited, his reception of the sacraments who will win the greatest victories for the glory of Christ the King.

This much is certain: whether it be through individual or organized effort, the battle will be won by prayer. Our reason prompts us to join the prayer crusade; Pius XI exhorts us to do so; God demands it. Even if we should be so foolhardy as to disregard our reason, or so ungrateful and self-willed as to spurn the counsel of our Holy Father yet we cannot fail to heed the warning of Christ Himself, "Without Me you can do nothing."

# Poverty

William Kramer

*Among men who think in terms of figures, red and black, whose greatest source of interest is the bank, this subject is taboo. Mr. Kramer with the fearlessness of youth sets down the truth of the whole matter. You must appraise.*

NEARLY A CENTURY ago a German philosopher was oppressed by the vast difference that existed in his times between the wealth of the rich and the poverty of the poor. Both in nature and extent this situation was new. In the past, the peasantry had always groaned under the yoke of princes and those of noble birth, but never before had the proletariat been so exploited for its commercial value by clever brains among its own caste as under the rising capitalistic system. In the bitterness of what he saw, the philosopher, Karl Marx, conceived a new philosophy of the survival of the fittest, and preached the equalization of wealth, which he thought could be achieved only by force, even to the limit of violence and bloodshed. The idea spread like a prairie fire. Why? Among the underprivileged and uncultured classes the passion for violence often lies near the surface. Then there is the second of the Deadly Sins, the human vice of covetousness. Preach a system that combines the two and you will soon have a powder keg of revolution that will flare up at the least spark. Unhappily, the first constituent is too often the outgrowth of hard living and neglect, but the love of money, the deification of wealth, for all the personal advantages it will bring, is a passion within the control of the deliberate will of the individual. Communism has grown since the days of Marx. All his philosophy has been stripped out of it, but the social conditions that inspired it have not been bettered, and it retains his sure-fire methods of propagation, based on inciting discontent with existing authority and arousing the desire for material possessions.

All of us want a just distribution of wealth but no one can wisely desire this godless Communism. Attaining the one and avoiding the other are much the same problem, and, as I shall endeavor to point out, Christ had the answer to this problem when He said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." For with poverty of spirit among those who possess and control wealth there would be no unjust exploitation of workers and the social strain of which Communism is the outgrowth would be relieved. Found a spirit of poverty among the poor, and the flood of Communistic propaganda holding up to the laboring classes the wealth

that could be theirs, would sound meaningless and ridiculously futile. The Holy Father, when he urged the spirit of poverty as a part of Catholic Action, was not referring in a general way to a revival of virtue, but to a specific virtue against the evil of which we are speaking. For what could be more sane and effective than a sincere attempt to burn the planks of the Communistic platform by bettering the social condition which gave rise to it, and to subdue these materialistic desires through which it has taken its hold and spread.

This poverty of spirit, which the Divine Master taught upon the mountain and which, even outside its full flowering in the monastic life, the Church holds up as a practical norm to all mankind, is really no more than the rational order of living. It consists in assigning to the pursuit of material things its proper place among the interests of men. If the only life of a man were these few troubled years, and his proper end oblivion, he would still be very foolish to sacrifice more than a smattering of interest on money at the expense of possibilities of his rational soul. Yet not only is he destined not to die, but his whole being is so attuned by nature to this supernatural future, that if the pursuit of wealth or any other interest is allowed to supersede it, man inevitably experiences an increasing wretchedness and disharmony in his life.

The reward of the poor in spirit is sufficient, for ". . . theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." But even before they come into that lofty heritage they learn that poverty of spirit is not only rational in itself but most reasonable in practice, for they enjoy unquestionable rewards for their temperate view of money. They leave themselves more room for self-respect and are happily conscious of the balance and well-being of their existence. It is not an inconsiderable thing that they throw off the base chains of everlasting restlessness and vexation that are the curse of the money-lover, and can enjoy some peace with themselves and others. Nor is the spirit of poverty a mere opium to destroy initiative and to cloud the growing pains of progress but it is meant to direct initiative to its proper end and to teach men that money is only an incidental but powerful means to greater and intrinsic good. Vocations to many walks of life have gone and will go astray at the cost of contentment because other situations held the promise of more pay. Whereas the misdirected man is now miserable and dissatisfied in fine cloth and purple, with a little poverty of spirit he might have been happy in rags, contented in the state of life to which he was suited, or even glowing with the joy and fire of a task he was born to do.

How many of our modern generation, do you think, enjoy the blessings of the poor in spirit? Our social order is so hinged around the acquisition of gold that the soul and life of it have very nearly gone out and it looks desperately like a mass of tottering decadence. Compare the situation of the apprentices of the old guilds, who were content to work for years for a mere livelihood and the hope of some day becom-

ing independent masters, with that of the young people about us who for twelve or more years have their brains stuffed with irrelevant nonsense in state schools, and then immediately and utterly without experience break into the ranks of day laborers for a standard wage. While Abraham Lincoln sowed the seeds of greatness by splitting logs for his board and a few books, there are countless American youths who know no greatness but that which is reckoned with a dollar-sign. Not only atheists, but Catholics are too frequently heard expressing their conviction that life can offer them nothing better than the steady music of money in their pockets. This materialistic spirit so thoroughly permeates all that is modern that it is difficult to escape this poison without becoming a total recluse.

But it is possible; and it is never too soon to begin correcting the evil that threatens to bring our civilization to an abortive peak and premature decline. As does most Catholic Action, poverty begins at home, with the individual — with the Catholic man and woman in every profession, with the young and impressionable Catholic world, and in particular with the Catholic College Student, who in a few years will shape the world; and there are many angles of college life into which the spirit of poverty might be profitably introduced.

When we are just beginning, it is usually not wise to demonstrate this, our new virtue, by doling out all our spare cash to the poor, but it is wise so to order our lives that they will not be an offense to the poor. When the poor man sees the son of his well-to-do neighbor receiving a good education, much as he may desire a similar advantage for his son, he can be patient and understanding with the inequality of opportunity; but when he sees the rich son in an educational institution squandering time and money on things that have no bearing on his education, that extravagant youth and his money become odious and abominable to him. In the language of John Wesley, "Everything about these which costs more than duty requires thee to lay out, is the blood of the poor."

Poverty of spirit implies simplicity of desires. Extravagance is taboo with all who seek to be Catholic in action, and that thing is extravagant which does not contribute to the integrity and progress of our state in life and our education, whether it be excess in dress and luxuries, or, what is more pertinent, it is a tawdriness and vulgarity in our tastes and activities — an inordinate craze for athletics, or a mania for cheap music and literature. The throb of degenerate jungle passion that beats constantly in our colleges through the radio and the swing band, and the excessive indulgence in literature of the same brand, do not answer well to the question, "What contribution does this make to my education?" Simplicity and integrity in student life strike at a sensitive root of evil, but it is no more than what is required for that spirit of poverty concerning which it was recently stated by the Vatican Press; "Develop this — and you will renew the face of the earth."

# A Map Before You

John Morrison

*The world of reading has roads and roads. Sign-posts are helps; maps, too. Here, John Morrison, who is a Junior, presents and evaluates one plan for the reading of Catholic books. For those interested in Catholic Revival, the suggestions epitomized below may prove helpful. The author, vibrant with Catholicity, feels that this problem deserves consideration and discussion by all college students.*

PRACTICALLY EVERY college student in the world is attending college for the same reason, to get an education, but the meaning of this term education is not clear to most of us. Two great confusions are often made, between Education and Literacy, and between Education and Scholarship. The first of these can be readily cleared up but the second distinction is not nearly so evident. It is important for us that we be able to differentiate between all, Education, Literacy, and Scholarship, lest we fail to attain the end which we are seeking, Education.

In his essay, "A Note on Reading and Education," which makes up the first half of his pamphlet, *Ground Plan for Catholic Reading*, Mr. F. J. Sheed very effectively clears up both of these confusions. He begins by stating that reading (literacy) is the name for two totally different activities. "Reading — serious reading — the great means of contact with the world about us and our fathers before us, is an intellectual activity in the fullest sense." Reading in the ordinary sense of the word, on the other hand, has very little intellectual value.

We might ask, "Wherein does serious reading differ from ordinary reading?" The difference lies primarily in the motive and method of the reader. If he reads with the purpose of learning something new, some real book — history, biography, theology, philosophy, poetry — disciplining himself in his reading speed so as to absorb and digest the printed words, so better fitting himself for life, he is doing serious reading.

With this distinction established between the two types of reading we can see that Literacy, in the sense of ordinary reading, bears little or no relation to Education. Serious reading, however, is closely bound to it for the greatest thought of mankind has been written in books and the ability to read properly enables us to know these things which our fathers have known before us.

The purpose of Education is to fit man for successful living which involves establishing a right relation between man and all other being. In order to establish that relation man's mind must be responsive to all that is, to being. As the logician says, the mind must have a concept of being before it can form any other concept. Mr. Sheed states that the parts get their significance from the whole, therefore one who knows only the parts knows nothing. He uses a striking example to illustrate this point. "The human eye is very beautiful — in the human face. Put that same eye on a plate, and though in one sense it can be investigated more closely and more thoroughly, its has lost its beauty and even its significance."

Proceeding on this principle, he shows the difference between Scholarship and Education. Education deals with the relation of man's mind to being, the whole, whereas Scholarship is concerned with only a part of being. The pure scholar knows a great deal about something or other, but he does not see the totality and so is unbalanced by his knowledge of the part. Mr. Sheed does not underestimate the value of Scholarship, admitting that it is necessary to Education and a great asset to any mind that has a knowledge of the totality, maintaining nevertheless that it is not Education.

Having seen that one activity is not the other, we must try to establish the proper relation between the two. Scholarship is not, we repeat, Education, for it is worthless without the total view. Nor is this view of the universe as a totality with all the parts in right relation to one another in itself Education. Another element is necessary, the study of individual things, the parts which make up the totality. This study is Scholarship. Scholarship then is one of the elements of Education.

The confusions which confronted us have now been cleared up, and the relation between Education, Literacy, and Scholarship has been clearly shown but the "Note on Reading and Education" does not stop here. Mr. Sheed returns to the study of the indispensable element of Education, the totality. "Who," he asks, "can impart this knowledge of all that is?" His answer is the only correct one, God! Not because God is the highest being, but rather because He is at the very center of all creation. St. John tells us, "And without Him was made nothing that was made." We can see then that to get the only correct view of the totality, without which we can accomplish nothing of value in an individual field, we must include God in our study of thing, for to omit the cause of anything is to make it inexplicable.

If then God has the primary place in our study of totality it follows that He must be included in our educational program if it is to be truly educational. This is perhaps the best argument which has ever been advanced in favor of Catholic Education.

Mr. Sheed maintains, and rightly so, for he has proved his point,

that "*a non-Catholic institution cannot give an education*," and he does admit that a Catholic institution *may* lack some of the elements of Scholarship. This is only an admission of *possibility*, however, not of *probability*. Our Catholic colleges and universities rank with the finest scholastic institutions in the world, but the point is that even if they did not they would still be contributing more to our education for they provide the first essentials, the view of the totality, the foundation without which all else is in vain.

Consideration of all these points has no doubt changed our idea of Education considerably. But now that we have a correct concept of its nature, how, we want to know, are we to obtain this education. We can see that it cannot be gained in college, for that period in a man's life is all too short and his mind is developing too rapidly for him to be graduated an educated man. He should, however, be able to grasp and absorb to some extent everything that life brings to him. The more that life brings and that he assimilates, the better will he be educated, provided of course that his collegiate studies have given him the correct view of the totality.

We have seen the tremendous influence which serious reading has on man's education, that Education helps to establish the relation between man and all other things, and that successful living depends upon this relation's being correct. It is all important then that our reading should lead toward the proper end, that it promote the betterment of mankind.

What then should we read? In the second half of his pamphlet Mr. Sheed has laid what he calls a *Ground Plan for Catholic Reading*. He has compiled a list of sixty books each of which performs a function of the plan. This list he has divided into three sections.

The first division is what Mr. Sheed calls a "Preliminary — to clear the mind's atmosphere and prepare it to get the most out of what follows." By putting the reader in the right state of mind he means to abolish those effects of current opinion and imitation which are often so far from the Catholic ideal. The reading of this first group of books may be compared to a fumigation process, the desired effect of which is to build up once more in the mind the proper standard of values for life, to counteract that tendency in modern Catholics to become responsive to questionable norms of subjective morality and to turn their eyes again toward objectivity.

Toning up the mind is the first step in the preliminary program and to do this Mr. Sheed has chosen four books that serve the purpose excellently. Arnold Lunn's *Now I See* shows the chaos which pervades the world outside the Church, so very much of which is due to the popular heresies of the day, particularly the assumption that a religion which binds men to particular modes of conduct in their relations with God and their fellows is unnatural and deadening. *Orthodoxy* by G. K. Chester-

ton arouses a healthy skepticism about these heretical assumptions. In *The Path to Rome* Hilaire Belloc points out the vitality in the orthodoxy promoted by Chesterton. *The Cure D'Ars* by Henri Gheon finds the presence of still greater vitality in sanctity. These four books will be what we Catholics need to make us proud of our religion and its orthodoxy. They will wipe out all tendency to respond to false values, and the right sympathies and standards will once more be foremost in our minds.

Mr. Sheed has two more sections in the preliminary program which are devoted to a study of the life of Christ and a determining of His place in history. These do not serve any preliminary purpose and might well have been left for the second part of the program, the function of which is to give us that proper view of the totality which is so essential to Education.

The reading for the total view is divided into eight parts consisting of a study of God in His Own Nature in *Natural Theology* by G. H. Joyce, S.J., a study of God in our nature, of Christ Incarnate, in three excellent works one of which is *The Son of God* by Karl Adam. Here we might also place that section devoted to the life of Christ which we eliminated from the preliminary reading. Then, a consideration of man is the next step with the answer to the question, "What is man?" supplied by *The Human Soul* by Abbot Vonier.

For the division dealing with Man's need for God we will transpose another book which Mr. Sheed had included in the section devoted to the toning up of the mind, but will perhaps serve a better purpose here. We refer to Chesterton's *The Everlasting Man* which shows all history prior to the time of Christ to be marked by the need of His coming, and all subsequent history to be affected by Him. Perhaps the best work for this section, however, is Mr. Sheed's own selection, Alfred Noyes' *The Unknown God* which shows the Supreme Deity to be worshipped by the foremost atheists and agnostics of the past and present, so proving that there is in man an innate need for God. God's response to the needs of man through the communion of Christ with the members of His Church during all the ages is plainly illustrated in *The Spirit of Catholicism* by Karl Adam.

The next step in the search for totality is concerned with man as an individual and as a unit of society. Since there is no doubt in our minds as to the value of St. Thomas Aquinas' *Summa Theologica* in the treatment of the problems of the individual man we can readily recommend with Mr. Sheed the second volume of *The Layman's Summa, The Pursuit of Happiness* by Walter Farrell, O.P., which deals with the problems of the man of today, not omitting any question treated by St. Thomas. Other recommendations include the papal encyclicals, *Casti Connubii*, *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*.

In order to vivify the principles of Christian life which have already

been laid down Mr. Sheed recommends the reading of the lives of some of the saints, four in particular, Saints Peter Claver, John of the Cross, Therese of Lisieux, and Francis of Assisi. He chooses these so as to provide a view of the varied temperaments of the saints, for St. Peter Claver was a man of action. St. John and St. Therese were contemplative rather than active. St. Francis was a combination of both types. Our own recommendations would be quite different. In our opinion the saints offered for consideration by Mr. Sheed are not varied enough in type to provide a suitable cross section. We would present the militant missionary spirit of St. Paul engaged in the early conversions and foundation of the Church, fighting against the paganism of the Roman World. The biography of this "Apostle of the Gentiles" has been equally well handled by Fouard and Baumann. The story of the life of the intellectual giant of all Church history, St. Thomas Aquinas, who lived when the Church was in Her full glory with all the world Catholic, is perhaps best and most inspiringly told by G. K. Chesterton. In order that the reader become acquainted with the combination of the active and intellectual type, with the Church's conflict with the heresies of the Reformation we suggest that he investigate the biography of St. Ignatius Loyola by Francis Thompson or Christopher Hollis. Our choice for the study of the contemplative saint would be the same as Mr. Sheed's *The Autobiography of St. Therese of Lisieux* who threw aside materialism and found the real fullness of life in spirituality.

In the last step toward our proper view of the totality Mr. Sheed considers the great dogmas of the Church. He proposes a study of the dogmas regarding the Holy Trinity, the Holy Ghost, Our Lady, the Mass, the Next Life, and the Mystical Body of Christ. Here we find him promoting the very thing to which he is so opposed, the pursuance of the individual knowledge without the total view. He is aware of this, however, and cautions the reader lest his study of these individual dogmas obscure the vision of the totality. In order to avoid this he recommends that the reader glance through Mr. Sheed's own work, *A Map of Life*, written especially to be used in conjunction with this *Ground Plan for Catholic Reading*. How much simpler it would be to read at this time some not too specialized work on all dogma and doctrine, perhaps some work of a catechetical nature such as Cardinal Gasparri's *Catholic Catechism*. These specialized studies of the individual doctrines could then be postponed for a time and taken up under sectional reading.

Now that our view of totality has been established Mr. Sheed suggests that we do more departmental reading. The departments which he considers are Philosophy, Psychology, History, Comparative Religion, Scripture, Spirituality, and General Catholic Reading. Each of these fields is worth while and time spent in any one will add considerably to a general fund of knowledge, to the scholastic element of our education, but there is one subject of prime importance which Mr. Sheed

has not mentioned: current events and problems. To be sure we have our daily newspapers to keep us informed of events in all parts of the world, but this is not enough. Too often the secular press presents the news from a viewpoint that is not only un-Catholic but anti-Catholic. In order that we see the news as we should we ought to subscribe to a Catholic diocesan newspaper and to one or more of the finer Catholic magazines, *Catholic World*, *Sign*, *Commonweal*, or *America*. This will serve to keep us abreast of the times, enabling us to know for ourselves and to inform others of the Catholic standpoint on the affairs of the moment.

Having completed our analysis of Mr. Sheed's *Ground Plan for Catholic Reading* we have found in it much of great merit. Perhaps the most important thing about it is that it shows the value of planned reading. Even if the plan in itself were not practicable it would serve as a basis for further planning on the part of the individual reader. However, the plan is not perfect, for the subjective element of the reader's taste is not given due consideration, and we believe we have shown where some points have been stressed too much whereas others have not been treated at all or as fully as they might have been. Nevertheless we believe the work to be the best of its kind ever to have been published and we maintain that it has a definite place on the desk of every Catholic student.

# All in a Day

Joseph Dell

*All lovers of Dickens, Thackeray, and Jane Austen will envy this old coachman. Just how Mr. Dell came to meet and know the old man is his secret. It is the hope of the author that some flavor of old days has been caught in the lines of his tale.*

AS HIS habit, Sam Lesley, after eating a hearty supper retired to the parlor to rest from his day's work in downtown London. There he roamed daily in his hackney-coach, seeking customers. Bundled in a multiplicity of coats, as if in the folds of some great flower, he was well-known to frequenters of that neighborhood.

Puffing lazily, now, on his pipe he gloried in the warmth of the fire. Up the chimney it roared and brightened the small room with its broad blaze. What a comfort against the blasts of the wintry wind, whooping outside the little home. A wind which, thwarted in its attack against the sturdy house and cheerful fire, became more angry until in desperation it passed on to wreak its vengeance on more debilitated homesteads.

From where Sam sat in a comfortable chair he could hear his wife and daughter busily engaged in clearing away the after-dinner things. They were talking about Sam Jr. who was somewhere in France or Belgium fighting Napoleon. Yes, that little French tyrant had gotten loose again, and now the Duke of Wellington had gone to put an end to the affair. And his son, Sam, had gone to do his share. He thought about his son and the war, and in the fire he saw many pictures conjured up by his imagination.

Soon his wife and daughter joined him by the fireside. Both brought their knitting to "while-away" the winter's evening. Silence settled on the room and its occupants, except for the crackling of the fire and the whistling of the wind. A nearly perfect picture of peace and contentment.

Usually the old coachman would relate some of the experiences which he encountered during the day. But tonight his honest brow was furrowed with creases of serious thought, his deep-set eyes were unseeing, his broad full face was clouded, his big bulk of a body was drooping dejectedly, and his tumbled gray hair completed the picture of worry, for his thoughts were with his son. So tonight this usually jovial fellow needed some encouragement to start his daily tales.

His wife realizing this fact said, "Come, come, Sam. Tell us what happened today."

At this request he puffed on his pipe for a few seconds before replying, and then in his deep voice began, "Well today was a rather busy day, and some of my passengers sort of odd. Early this morning a pair of young dandies hailed me. Do you know, Sarah, the younger one reminded me of Sam? But then that's not why I remember them so much, it's because they waved to such a queer looking fellow. He was a fat, middle-aged person, in a brown sortout and black tights. What tights! There was no more hair upon his head (which was a large one and very shining) than there is upon an egg, and he had a very large face. His clothes were shabby, but he had an imposing shirt-collar on. Such a collar. It looked as though he were ready to fly any minute. He carried a jaunty sort of stick with a large pair of rusty tassels to it; and a quizzing-glass hung outside his coat. And he had such a genteel air you'd think he was a lord of some kind. You should have seen him, especially when he waved his stick at the young fops. He was better than any Punch and Judy show I've seen in my fifty-eight years."

By this time his despondency had disappeared, and now he was thoroughly engrossed in his story, and enjoying himself as was evidenced in his twinkling eyes and rolling laughter.

"Up to this time the two had been talking about an Emily, a friend of Copperfield. What a strange name that is. And the older dandy sometimes called him Daisy. Daisy Copperfield. What a very strange name. What do you think of it, Jane?"

"Oh, it's not too bad. Was he a nice young man?" his daughter asked.

"Was he a nice young man? Well, I don't know. Let me think," he said, teasing her with this mock attempt at recollection. But it being fruitless he continued with his story, "Daisy (he smiled every time he said it) praised this Emily highly, telling little stories about their childhood days. Emily must be something like you, eh, Jane? Well, anyway, Steerforth, for that's what Copperfield called his companion, listened to this praise very attentively and seemed to agree heartily with Daisy.

"But when they saw that peculiar fellow in tights they talked about him. From what I heard, Copperfield met him when Daisy was just starting out in the world. They had many a laugh at that fellow's expense.

"By this time I had reached Highgate and was directed to stop before an old brick house perched on the top of a hill. It was a genteel, old-fashioned house. There they alighted. And there we leave them."

Here the coachman stopped to refill his pipe. When he finally got it filled again (it had a prodigious capacity) he puffed on it several minutes before resuming his talk.

"Though I said that this Daisy Copperfield reminded me of Sam, I saw a woman today whom I am happy to say resembles neither of you two. At least I hope so." Smiling, he addressed this last sentence to his daughter, Jane.

"It was nearing noon when I picked up a couple whom I hated at first sight. The man was a braggart, swaggering type, but his wife —. Can any words of mine describe her? She was small, with pink, smiling cheeks and very large, odd, but attractive, green eyes, and was very neatly and smartly dressed. At first they seemed an ill-assorted pair, but one thing they had in common, he was an adventurer, she, an adventuress. All they talked about was money, inheritances, and how much he had won from a fellow named George Osborne.

"'Poor Amelia,' said the lady, 'will she never persuade George to give up his habit of gambling. If he would win, it would be all right. But he never wins.'

"'Tut, tut, Becky. What would we do without his money until Lady Crawley relents or dies?'

"'Oh, we could get along on your other gambling returns, and manage to avoid duns and bailiffs. Of course I wouldn't like a repetition of last week's episode. I don't exactly relish being shut up in my house waiting for those abominable duns to depart.'

"'Yes, that was miserable. If only Lady Crawley would relent. Hang it, before I was married I didn't care what bills I put my name to, and so long as Moses would wait or Levy would renew for three months, I kept never minding. But since I'm married, except for renewing, of course, I give you my honor I've not touched a bit of stamped paper.'

"'Why, my stupid Rawdon,' Becky scoldingly replied, 'Don't I handle our affairs adroitly enough? Remember we haven't done with your aunt yet. If she fails us, isn't there what you call the Gazette, or, stop, when your uncle Bute dies, I have another scheme. The living has always belonged to the younger brother, and why shouldn't you sell out and go into the church?'

"At this suggestion her husband burst out into violent laughter, and well he might, for he no more resembled a preacher than — than I do. The little minx laughed too at the thought of such a happening.

"They told me to stop before a house in Curzon Street. It was a rather well-to-do home. I wondered whether that could possibly be their home, or just that of some friends. So I watched them. And sure enough, they walked right in. How can people live in such houses on nothing a year, as they must be doing? They certainly can't be happy even in that splendor. I wouldn't change with them at all."

Yes, his home was very modest, but it was his. Everything in it belonged to him, so this hard-working old coachman felt proud of his ownership, no matter how small the possessions.

For several minutes they sat silent, each occupied with his or her own thoughts. No remarks came from his two listeners, so he continued,

"By the bye, Sarah, I came rather close to home this afternoon. I brought Mrs. Gardiner's nieces to the Gardiner home up here in the next block."

"Oh, good," interrupted his daughter, "how many?"

"Two. How many are there?"

"Five. There's Jane, Elizabeth, Mary, Catherine, and Lydia. I wonder which two they could be," Jane said musingly.

"Well, I'm not acquainted with any of them, but they addressed each other as Jane and Elizabeth."

"Very good," she cried exultantly, "the two eldest. I don't like the three foolish sisters."

Although there was a vast difference in their stations in life, the coachman's daughter knew the Bennet girls. In their younger days they had struck up a friendship because of a trivial incident which even now flourished. This is why Jane received her father's news with such excitement.

"This afternoon," the coachman explained, "I went as usual to meet the afternoon stage. When it came to a stop a young lady stepped out and was met by another young lady. They called me, and when we had started, they began that usual light conversation that young women engage in."

"Oh, Dad, how could you?" his daughter abruptly interrupted.

"Well, it's a fact. There's no use denying it, Jane. Anyway, when their greetings were over the one said to the other:

"Jane, did you see anything of Mr. Bingley since you are in London?"

"No I didn't. After sometime his sister came to visit me, but she was so cool that I despaired of her ever telling her brother of my presence in London."

"Don't be disheartened, Jane. It will turn out all right in the end."

"It's so good of you to say that, Lizzy, but you know it never can be so."

"Oh, you can never tell. I'll bet you can't guess whom I saw while I was staying at Hunsford."

"Could it be Wickham?" ventured Jane. "But no, he's with his regiment at Meryton."

"It was Darcy."

"Darcy!" echoed Jane surprisedly.

"Yes, Darcy. I spoke to him often. Later I'll have more to say to you about him. No, nothing until later," she said as Jane attempted to speak.

"And how is Charlotte?" Jane asked, changing the subject to Elizabeth's recent hostess.

"She's fine. They have the sweetest place. As yet she's happy with Mr. Collins."

"Well, by this time we had reached the Gardiners, and there I left the young ladies."

His daughter, Jane, was very much elated at this news, but since it was late the mother and daughter gathered their knitting preparatory

to retiring. Jane was thinking and chatting about the good news. Her quiet mother's thoughts were centered on her son who was far away from home somewhere on the battlefields of the continent. After she had succeeded in raising her husband's spirits by getting him to talk about the day's doings, her thoughts turned to her son. Thus she had spent the evening. Sam was finishing his pipe, before the three would climb what he called the "golden steps."

The fire burnt lower and lower. Outside the wild wind continued its assault but had no effect on the house's inhabitants for they were steeped in sleep, "Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care."

# No Other Years Than These

William Foley

*Deep in the heart and memory of each of us a refuge is building stone on stone. To this we shall fly in years to come in order to fill those future days with the joys of remembrance. "In our day" will surely and happily come upon you, as William Foley, a Junior, foretells.*

WHEN YOU ARE rather elderly, in the Indian Summer of life, as it were, and are tending to become fond of sitting back and reminiscing, what a wealth of material you will have to recall. Though you may not realize it, the years you have lived and are now living in will some day be referred to by you as "the good old days." For it is only natural to suppose that as you begin to grey about the temples, you will love to recollect not only the joys and tribulations of your youth, but also the big events, the big names, the sensational things of this your day.

Your day began around the time of the World War; you were too young then, of course, to know much about Liberty bonds and the Kaiser and making the world safe for democracy. When the guns ceased firing, you were still too young to understand or fully appreciate the joyful delirium with which people greeted the Armistice; why they should suddenly go wild and do things like dancing in the streets was utterly beyond you. After a time you began to see soldiers returning from France and you admired them immensely and maybe wondered how many men they had shot. You thought the soldiers looked splendid in their olive drab uniforms, but you didn't know that they had little else to wear. Nor did you know that a good many war heroes were having a hard time getting jobs, in spite of the way the band turned out to greet them when they returned. There were lots of things you didn't understand, but you didn't worry too much about your lack of knowledge.

Maybe you heard about Woodrow Wilson and the Peace Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations — there was a great deal of talk about it anyway. You used to listen to dad and mother talk about it in the evenings, you heard words like "Prohibition" and "woman suffrage." And there was a man named Harding who was elected President and his slogan was "Back to Normalcy." These facts may not have impressed you, however, but you were greatly interested in hearing of the deeds of a certain Jack Dempsey who was heavy-weight champion. This chap was administering severe beatings to all opponents: people paid over a million dollars to see him thrash a Frenchman named Carpentier. The

country was a bit unsettled about this time; you learned that workmen were going on a strike at many factories for higher wages, for shorter hours. Heretofore, you had heard the word strike used only in connection with baseball, so dad had to do some explaining to you when you inquired for information. He said, too, that all labor trouble was an aftermath of the War. The War? Already you had quite forgotten it.

You remember surely the movies you attended in those days. Mother would take you every Sunday afternoon, and it was undoubtedly your day of days. Your favorite star was a little man with a black mustache who, dressed as a tramp and carrying a bamboo cane, could go through the most comical antics. How you laughed at him in *The Private* and *The Emigrant*, but there always seemed to be a touch of sadness about him and you felt sorry for Chaplin even when he was at his funniest. You liked him best in *The Kid* in which a youngster no older than yourself played a leading role, Jackie Coogan was his name and you admired and envied him. You also saw Pearl White and Ruth Roland and Wallace Reid — (their names bring back memories to you now.)

You were growing older, of course, and one day you put away your toys and started to go to school. That first day you were a bit frightened by everything and you felt all alone, at first you were wanting to run back to your mother, but you were too stubborn to cry and you stuck it out. Thus it was that you stood on your own for the first time, and after that school wasn't so bad, in fact you rather liked it. Except for difficulties encountered in your attempts to master the multiplication tables everything went smoothly. In the afternoon, when school had been dismissed you played cops and robbers, or cowboy and Indian, with the other fellows in the neighborhood. After supper you stayed in the house because you had homework to do. As evening wore on, mother would order you to bed but you'd always protest that it was too early, besides you wanted to hear dad talk about what was wrong with the country and what the Yankees were going to do to the Giants in the coming world series. You'd always fall asleep in your chair and have to be carried upstairs and put to bed. When things like that happened you felt as though you were still a little kid.

You were growing, though, and you were learning things in school, your reading was getting better and your penmanship was improving. As you learned to read you began to scan through the newspaper, you'd glance at the headlines and the sport section before turning to the comic strip, which was the only worthwhile part of a newspaper, in your immature opinion. But your brief look at the news sheets coupled with what you overheard served to tell you that some important events were taking place. You learned that President Harding had died while out West, the train bearing his coffin passed through your town, and you were at the railroad station to see the train pass by. You saw the people place dimes and pennies on the track so that the train would roll over

them and then the people kept the coins as souvenirs. There was a great to-do about some kind of Teapot Dome affair, but it was beyond you. The disastrous effects of an earthquake in Japan had your youthful sympathies all aroused for the poor Japanese. You were enthralled by the devil-may-care gymnastics of Douglas Fairbanks in *Robin Hood*; people were singing silly songs like *Barney Google*, and *Yes We Have No Bananas*, and Mary Pickford wore long curls and was called America's Sweetheart. These things, and more, were happening while you were having your troubles with long division and fractions. You were wishing you'd hurry up and grow to be a man for you felt that being a youngster placed you in a pretty insignificant position. You wanted to get out and take part in some of the things that were happening.

As time marched on at its normal rate, however, you increased in age and size and perhaps in knowledge too, though your teachers often grew weary because of your inability to assimilate learning. You did read more, though, and began to observe many things. You knew now what Prohibition was and you knew what a bootlegger was too; you were aware that the word "moonshine" didn't always refer to the light given off by the heavenly body. Radios were coming into vogue and homes which possessed a set had something to boast about. You will always remember the thrill you experienced when for the first time you put on the earphones and heard music. You read about the two young fellows in Chicago, Loeb and Leopold were their names, who for apparently no reason brutally murdered a young boy. The papers were filled with stories of the crime and the trial, but through it all you could only wonder "why?"

You were pretty busy these years though, the fellows had organized a football team and you had to do your part. You were never much good at the game, you wanted to be a quarterback but they always put you at guard where your lack of skill would be less conspicuous. Then in summer there was baseball to be played, here again you were somewhat of a failure. Invariably you would strike out, seldom did you catch a fly ball, but the fellows tolerated you and you always had a good time. You heard of a college in Indiana which had splendid and colorful football teams; once they had a backfield which was such a perfect combination that it was called the "Four Horsemen." So you became an ardent Notre Dame fan. You were made aware of another magnificent hero whose name was Babe Ruth. This fellow knocked baseballs prodigious distances, at a handsome salary, for a New York team. You idolized Babe Ruth, as everyone did, and, you wanted with all your heart and soul to see him play — you never realized your ambition but you followed his career with spaniel-like devotion.

While you were playing at your games, the young American people were, in the opinion of the older folks, going to the dogs. The times were often referred to as the hip-flask, the flapper, the so-called flaming youth,

This was back around 1926 and 1927, when young people were dancing the Charleston and staying up late, girls were smoking cigarettes, thus causing many an eyebrow to be lifted. A suave, handsome Italian movie actor, Rudolph Valentino, passed away at the peak of his popularity, an idol of American women; his death was said to have been the cause of more than one heartbreak. His funeral was the scene of several riots as thousands of curious New Yorkers filed past his bier to get a glimpse of the deceased matinee idol. Not long after America gave a riotous welcome to a girl named Gertrude Ederle, who was the first woman to swim the English Channel. You remember those newsreel shots of her triumphal procession down New York's Broadway amidst confetti and ticker-tape. And once in a while now you wonder what's become of Gertrude. One rainy night in Philadelphia, Gene Tunney, outboxed Jack Dempsey and the world had a new heavyweight champion. A song writer named Irving Berlin eloped with an heiress; a certain, Ruth Snyder murdered her husband and was electrocuted for her crime. Lindberg became America's hero and yours too, when he unceremoniously flew out alone above the Atlantic and landed in Paris. He was the toast of the world, this young man; songs and stories were written of him and he was given a tumultuous reception when he came back to New York. You admired this fellow not only for his deed, but for his modesty and his refusal to let all the excessive adulation go to his head.

In the meantime you were occupied with learning the exports and imports of Denmark and why the Colonists were aroused by the Stamp Act. But you found time to do a bit of daydreaming and you hoped that some day you'd run for a touchdown or hit a home run or maybe rescue a few people from a burning building. You wanted to be a hero, in other words, to be like anyone of the famous men you read about. At this time you were noticing the behavior of the older boys; they wore wide-bottom trousers, had their hair slicked down and took themselves pretty seriously. They were of that type known as the drugstore cowboy, now an extinct species. Coolidge was in the White House, and everybody was working. You remember how Coolidge quietly said, one day, that he did not choose to run in 1928, and when it came time the Republicans chose Hoover. On the Democratic side was Al Smith, one of your favorite people; you followed his campaign with avid interest, and you hoped and hoped he'd be President. But he didn't make it.

You were in high school and it was different from grammar school. You seemed such a small unit in the vast student body, you looked with awe upon the football players as they lunged through with the ball and you felt very unimportant beside them. You read with interest but without full understanding of its meaning, of the great stock market crash; the excitement was great following this catastrophe. You began to read of the many people who lost their wealth in the crash and being afraid to face poverty, took the easy way out by committing suicide. And then

business conditions began to get worse but the tycoons said that things would soon pick up and the President said that prosperity was just around the corner. Breadlines were beginning to appear; poor relief agencies were deluged with applications from needy families. Some of the more cynical minded started coining jokes which began with the phrase: "things are getting so tough that —," and the soldiers began to ask for their bonus.

You started reading columnists like Winchell and McIntyre and you wished you might visit New York. Winchell made such expressions as "blessed event" and "O. K. America" familiar phrases and he was always inventing new words like "Reno-vate." You preferred McIntyre, however, because he seemed to be the small town boy who made good in the big city. You liked him best when he had a tinge of melancholy in his paragraphs, for instance, in his lamentations over the passing of Van Deville's hey-day. During the dark depression days he would mourn for the struggling theatre. "Drama," he would say, "is picking at the coverlets." And you began to wonder about the theatre yourself, and reading up on the subject you became familiar with names like Katherine Cornell, O'Neill and Ziegfeld, and you learned that *Green Pastures* was a play, not the name of a country town. Your acquaintance with the theatre was furthered by your taking part in the class play. You had a minor role, a walk-on part so to speak, but you managed to muff your lines and cause the director to swoon from anxiety.

Though enough time had elapsed to round a multitude of corners, prosperity hadn't appeared as yet. There were lots of people who were down and out; you'd see kids at school who looked really hungry and you remember how frequently the panhandlers stopped you on the street and asked you for the inevitable nickel for a cup of coffee, and you were a senior in high school now and you no longer felt insignificant but then you wern't so important either. You didn't go to the Prom that year because you knew the way things were at home. You'll always remember that night of the Prom when you walked by the ball room, the evening was warm and through the open window came the mingled sounds of music and laughter and shuffling of feet. You paused for a moment — then you turned and walked on down the street.

And so you were graduated in the midst of the depression; though you had an idea the world was waiting for a fellow like you, it was not long before you discovered that the world could well get along without you. So you were always turned down or given the same stall whenever you applied for a job. Now you began to be thankful that you had something to eat, for there were so many who didn't. In Hollywood, Clark Gable was a rising star, the glamorous Garbo was packing them in and Cagney was becoming popular. There was a lot of fuss about the coming election. The campaign was vigorous and when it was over you found that Roosevelt and the Democrats had swept into power. The

change of administration was evidence that the people wanted a change, and the Democrats promised a New Deal, the forgotten man was going to get a break. In moments of self pity you felt you could very well qualify for the typical forgotten man. You didn't realize of course, that lots of people were getting worse breaks than you.

You'll probably remember the tremendous program the President undertook as soon as he went into office. The N.R.A. and its blue eagle symbol, the C.C.C., the Brain Trust, and then it happened — a slow but steady pick-up in business conditions. And so one day you found a job and seemingly the world was full of music. You felt happier because your job kept you busy and you were earning money. It happened that most people were beginning to be a bit happier too, you remember the time when Prohibition was repealed how gay the people were and the way they bent the merry elbow. Rudy Vallee was crooning and so was Bing Crosby, Fred Allen and Jack Benny gave you cause for laughter. You were saving a little money now because the hard times had taught you a lesson which you didn't want to forget, but it seems that the depression was soon forgotten by a good many, judging from the way they squandered their dollars.

Years went on and as you grew older you looked more carefully at things to see what was under their surface. You had, by due process of thinking, arrived at several conclusions — that the world did not owe you a living, that you couldn't get something for nothing and that you should never believe everything you read and hear. During all this time many events were transpiring, the New Jersey carpenter, Bruno Hauptman was arrested, brought to trial and convicted of kidnapping the Lindberg child. The case was widely discussed, you even had opinions on it yourself. And when Hauptman was at last executed, you remember that a lot of people shook their heads. There was that crazy song *The Music Goes Round* which everyone sang and it soon became very tiresome. You also sang *Moon Over Miami* and when a certain thing pleased you, you said it was the "razz-ma-tazz" or "tops." Spain was seething with a civil war, Landon had no chance against Roosevelt, wide bottom trousers were going out of style and Japan and China were tangling again. The Supreme Court and the President began to be at swords' points, then big business and the President started calling each other names. People were beginning to take Hitler more seriously.

In the realm of music something took place and "swing" was brought forth. America began to be swing conscious, and you became familiar with the nomenclature of swing — "shag," "shine," "alligator," and such idioms. Dancing, of course, was revolutionized, the "Big Apple" and "Truckin'" showing the effects of the new trend. Young people of today, you hear, are going to the dogs just as they were going twelve years previously. The older folks say its an after-math of the World War.

So these have been interesting years you've lived, but the present and the future hold promise of exciting things and you need have no fear that the world will ever be a dull place. Thus far you've scored no touchdown, hit no home runs, nor have you done anything heroic, but that shouldn't bother you, for what has become of your idols of yesterday? You can think about them on that future day when you turn backward and recall the events of your day.

# Editorials

## Realization

N. Theodore Staudt

"I think the criminal fault of all us as Catholics is the way we look at everything with smug satisfaction. . . We watch the growth and success of anti-religious and atheistic bodies, but we sit back with a sense of a Macbeth security, for do we not know 'that the gates of hell shall not prevail against our Church'? I think, in all reverence, if God were to retract His promise temporarily, then we Catholics would rise as one man and get busy doing what we ought to be doing now. It seems to me that only when the majority of Catholics are offered the choice between their Church and the stake, will they come to the realization of what their Faith means to *them*."

Bernadette Callaghan (aged 19), in *Catholic Herald* (London), November 4th. *Catholic World*, Vol. CXLVIII, No. 86.

In the above quotation Miss Callaghan attempts to analyze the Catholic indifference to its persecutors, portraying it as something criminal. Her point concerning our laxity is, indeed, true and the evidence for it is only too patent. And we Catholics are well aware that the Church will endure through all persecution, be it ever so severe. But is the facetious imagining of the downfall of the Church a solution for the indifference? Is it going to arouse us to real action? We rest too self-assured in our mental realm when such a theoretical remark is made. Since theory will not strike us to burning zeal for action, just what will arouse us?

A supposition of something which we know can never happen in the Divine scheme of things will tend to preserve us in our safe tower of security. The thought is startling until we become conscious of the real truth of the case.

But *realization* of something happening here and now is quite another matter. And this, without the slightest doubt, can be had by the simple turning over of the mind on the condition of affairs in the United States today. How can anyone, for example, fail to note that our newspapers are today being warped in their presentation by a force which

will not give us the Truth. Spain! How can the note of reality escape us, when we become conscious of the lobbying being done in Washington for the lifting of the Embargo. Our opponents are quite definitely not asleep, although we are. The Dies Commission with its revealing reports is nothing if it is not a blow to the consciousness of Catholics that enemies are busy sowing the seed for Godlessness and anarchy. Even the stages of Broadway have in some cases been won over to the cause of presenting Leftist propaganda and all the while Catholics sit by asking just what all the fuss is about.

Perhaps the most interesting phase of this discussion of realization is the part it plays in the Catholic Colleges of our country. If the general reader can believe the content and tone of numberless College magazines, then we must conclude that the needed *realization* has not so much as touched the complacency of our College men and women.

I do not believe the reason for our lax action to lie in the belief that the Church can never be destroyed. Neither do I believe it to be a refusal on our part to stand our ground to refute prevaricators or a refusal to stand up and protect what is ours from the thieves of the Church. But I do believe in all sincerity that we Catholics will act when we realize these facts; when we fully understand and awaken to the certainty that we are having our very life-blood, the Church and the practice of the Faith that we love so dearly taken from us. Only when we evaluate the forces that are opposing us and denying us, only when we realize that all is not right, will Action come forth. The real awakening to the light of what opponents are doing can not but necessitate Action. Herein lies our solution. We will act, really fight, when we *realize* these facts.

# Book Reviews

*The Valiant Woman* by Sheila Kaye-Smith, New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1938, 386 pp.

"Who shall find a valiant woman? . . . Far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her."

Kay Reddinger may not have fulfilled the rest of the Bible text, but she was still a valiant woman. She did her best to overcome her jealousy of Paul Reddinger's flirtations, and his affair with Marigold Challen. Loved by and loving Oliver Sadgrove, she still had the courage to refuse him. She kept her faith and won her husband.

*The Valiant Woman* is the story of Kay Reddinger, of her husband Paul, of Oliver Sadgrove, and of Marigold Challen. Oliver had to sell the Trulilows, an estate which had been in the hands of either the Sadgroves or the Challens for centuries. Kay Reddinger bought up the Trulilows. Her husband, Paul, met Marigold Challen and for the moment both were enamored of each other. Marigold and Paul ran away from the little town of Cowplain and lived together in London. After a few months of this "married" life, Paul began to tire of Marigold, and she in turn gradually realized what little she meant to Paul. She returned home to find happiness, only to go away again. Marigold finally found that her real happiness was with her parents, and came back to Loose Farm, her home. Oliver Sadgrove during this time had asked Kay to divorce Paul and marry him, arguing that since both loved each other it was unfair to all concerned to keep up pretenses. Kay refused Oliver, pointing out why she, as a Catholic, could not divorce Paul. Although in love with Oliver, Kay had the valiance to withstand his appeals. She firmly refused his advances even though it hurt her, and in time knew that Paul was coming back.

In the whole of the book, there is no over-stress on Kay Reddinger, but there is enough to make her true character outstanding. The same is true of others in the novel. Events are well proportioned. Nothing is hurried; the time seems to flow on in the placid setting of the English countryside. Throughout the story, the author gives descriptions which do more than describe — they make one actually feel as if he were there. One instance is her description of a night at the Trulilows. "Her window faced north. There was another facing east, but she preferred the northern stars with their glittering pole and the constellation of the Bear moving solemnly around it, now dipping, now up-ended. There was no moon and the starlight was too faint to light up the earth. She could only just see where the darkness of the sky was bitten by the darkness of Orznash Wood. Below her were shadows of quiet, sleeping trees,

dark round the little pool of light that came up to her window. Far away an owl called . . .”

Even when Sheila Kaye-Smith introduces strong emotional outbursts, she does it in such a way that one is pleased rather than offended at the break. A vivid example is to be found in the sensations striking Kay as she reads Paul's letter telling of his runaway with Marigold. Another, perhaps even more striking, concerns Kit Parslow, full of wrath at the Town Council. Rather than let them dictate to him what is to be done with his house, “Olden Dayes,” he burns it down. He exclaims “Burn, torch, burn! This is the only good thing I owe you — this torch I've lit in the face of your dictatorship. I'm prouder today than I was the day the house was built.”

Sheila Kaye-Smith sets forth a clear presentation of the present day rural life in England, and leaves an unruffled impression as to just what types of people reside in and about the little town called Cowplain. And all of the life portrayed, unrelated as it may seem at first, revolves solely and completely about Kay Reddinger. It is seemingly due to her that all the trouble starts; it is she who can keep the trouble brewing, even though unconscious of the fact. Sometimes she knows she is right. Yet her very righteousness may cause others misery and unhappiness when they cannot understand her actions. As long as she was Catholic, she could not divorce Paul. Others could not understand this, and spoke slightly of her behind her back.

In the whole story there seems, at first glance, to be only one flaw — the abundance of characters. At times the reader may become easily confused by the number and variety. After some thought, however, one comes to the conclusion that they are necessary for the points involved.

Thomas M. Anderson

*Catholic Literary France* by Sister Jerome Keeler, O.S.B., Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Company, 1938, 268 pp.

As Sister Jerome Keeler, Dean of Mount St. Scholastica College, Atchinson, Kansas, says in the postscript of this book dedicated to the memory of her brother, the Reverend Leo W. Keeler, S.J., it “is not intended to give a complete picture of Catholic literary France. It is merely an attempt to choose from among the numerous contemporary writers a few of the Catholic novelists, dramatists, and poets who seem to be leaders in the world of letters, and whose works will probably be read and esteemed through the coming ages.” And this is exactly what she has done, taking the leading French Catholic authors from the time of Paul Verlaine (1844-1896) including, in chronological order, Huysmans, Bourget, Bazin, Le Cardonnel, Bauman, Jammes, Claudel, Bordeaux, Mercier, Peguy, Gheon, Psichari, and Mauriac, among the men. Of the

women dominating their respective fields, she mentions Charasson, Noel, Balde, Yver, and Duhamel.

The book has much to commend it to the reader who is interested in contemporary French literature of the Catholic variety, and very little for condemnation. One commendable fact is that Sister James gives a short but very complete summary of each of the principal works of the authors she mentions. Anyone wishing a resume of the works of these authors will do well to consult this book. A short but similarly complete life history of each author is also given. One of the facts which becomes more and more apparent as one progresses with this work is the enormous amount of literature that Sister Jerome must have read and consulted in preparing this book. *Catholic Literary France* is full of simple, picturesque, but always beautiful passages, sometimes lasting for only half a sentence, at other times lasting for as much as half a page. For instance, Sister Jerome, describing the city of Saint-Palais, where Francis Jammes (1868- ) was reunited with his father, mother, and sister in 1876 (he had been living with his grandmother) says of it, "... Saint-Palais, an agreeable little city watered by the Bidouze and the Joyeuse, and not yet spoiled by railroads." Such passages have the power of rendering any book easier to read, for their beauty strikes home immediately.

Sister Jerome's excerpts from some of the works of these men and women serve admirably to illustrate the simple beauty and charm which characterizes French poetry. Any person who has studied French will readily see, upon reading and comparing the actual French with the English translation, that the French captures an elusive something, an indescribable element nevertheless there, that seems to be lost at the very moment it is translated into English.

The chief objection one finds in this book is that Sister Jerome appears to think that the works of authors are artistically better when they conform to Catholic principles. As Sister writes on page 56: "This brings us to the second complaint against . . . (these) novels — that they are immoral." This is, I believe, a wrong supposition, for a prudential outlook can neither affirm anything that is really Art, nor condemn anything that is or is not really Art. Whether or not a novel, drama, poem, or any other artistic piece of work conforms to the Catholic viewpoint, has nothing whatsoever to do with the artistic quality of the work. Although Sister does not actually *say* that she thinks thus, it seems to be "written between the lines."

Another slight objection to this work is that the writer does not begin to quote directly from any of the authors of whom she writes, until approximately the half-way point in the book is reached. The reason for this I cannot understand. It would seem that the authors mentioned in the first half of the book had written at least *one* piece beauti-

ful enough, and from which could be quoted a few lines. However, Sister does not do this.

The book, taken as a whole, is indeed very well-prepared, and its many beautiful passages will easily repay one for the time spent in perusing its pages.

*Doug. W. Beach*

*Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity* by Fulton J. Sheen, New York: The Macmillan Company, 1938, 187 pp.

"Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," the battle cry of the French Revolutionists, are according to Monsignor Sheen the three major programs, from the economic point of view, offered for the ills of the world. By more revealing titles they are known as Liberalism, Communism and Christianity. Each aims to reconstruct a new social order through widely different starting points and means — Liberalism says, "Begin with Liberty," Communism advocates Equality and Christianity calls Fraternity its program.

Dr. Sheen treats these three solutions completely in a popular manner, showing what each by self admission professes. In consequence, the quietly appealing middle-way philosophy of the Church stands out the more for its rational basis.

The appeal is directed to the great masses — intellectuals and proletariat — who are wavering helplessly in the wide channel separating extreme communism from extreme conservation. Down through the center, the social remedy of the Church runs with broad latitude deviated only through its application by isolated individuals. These can never be said by thinkers to represent the social philosophy of Christ.

True, this is precisely where critics seem to find foundation for their cries of the smug satisfaction, the dull security, and the delimited progress of the Catholic middle-way. Yes, these accusations are even implicitly, at least, considered inherent in the philosophy. How shortsighted, how deficient of scope is such a view and yet how natural to one who unknowingly discounts the degree of subjectivism of an applied social doctrine. Furthermore the critics should note that Catholics, no less than their fellowmen, do not act through social and moral motives which are unmixed with other elemental factors. Therefore, should not this width of possible action alone be a challenge to the varying spirits of adventure, courage, and interest of millions?

The need, purpose, and appeal of the book it patent, nevertheless, I would make special recommendation to the student of communism because Monsignor has included a well-balanced bibliography. Under the first division is listed Personalities in which are biographies of Marx, Stalin, and Lenin by non-Communistic and the communistically inclined. In following divisions come Books Helpful for Critical Appreciation of

Communism, Historical Background, Facts on Russia, Communistic Periodicals, Communist Literature, and Pamphlets. Dr. Sheen enhanced the value of his selected bibliography by adding expository comments after each work.

Monsignor Sheen, one must admit, is eminently qualified to write on Communism from its philosophical phase as is in part demonstrated from his excellent strategic use of quotations from original communistic sources. All quoted works are included in the bibliography somewhat as an unquestionable proof that Monsignor Sheen used all statements in their exact meaning, expressed and implied.

Although this would chiefly draw the attention of scholars, I wholeheartedly recommend *Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity* to the average reader as quality matter written in scintillating style, untechnical language, and replete with striking example.

John E. Koechley

*The Citadel* by A. J. Cronin, Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1937, 401 pp.

A. J. Cronin is a physician with decidedly literary tendencies; a few years back he produced a popular novel, *The Stars Look Down*, and now he has presented to the public *The Citadel*. Cronin must have experienced much satisfaction in turning out this novel not solely from the viewpoint of royalties — *The Citadel* has sold tremendously — but it seems quite patent that he has done something which he probably has wanted to do for a long time — namely calling to task the medical profession for some of its faults. The author lambasts the Medical Association for its tendency to brand progressiveness outside the profession as quackery and everything within the profession as strictly ethical. He criticizes the textbook methods of the medical schools, which in his opinion fail to fully equip the student for the emergencies of a career. In particular Dr. Cronin bitterly attacks the money-chasing physicians who, with little real medical knowledge and with a modicum of skill nevertheless prey on wealthy hypochondriacs or the unenlightened poorer class and squeeze out their fees like avaricious Shylocks.

The story is concerned with Dr. Andrew Manson who, fresh from medical school, begins his career in the small Welsh mining community of Bleanelly. In his practice among the crude mining folk he sees destroyed many of his fine school allusions. Here he meets Christine Barlow, the schoolteacher and Dr. Phillip Denny, cynical and hard drinking but a skillful surgeon. Obtaining a better position in the town of Aberalaw, Manson marries Christine, and takes up his work anew. His real skill as a physician is beginning to merit him well deserved popularity, but when he attempts to carry out certain experiments using guinea pigs, he is met with opposition on the part of the townspeople, they in their crass ignorance, believe he is mistreating the animals. Dr. Manson re-

signs and he and Christine bravely set forth to attack London. There after a number of vicissitudes, he finally begins to accumulate a large practice, and slowly but inevitably he becomes the society type of doctor, the kind he had despised formerly. (How he realizes finally to what depths he has sunk, is simply but tellingly revealed by Dr. Cronin.)

The Citadel is indeed an engrossing tale. Cronin shows much skill in his writing, he is familiar with both the stark reality and drab background of the poor Welsh mining towns and the brittle, blasé social whirl of London. Unforgettable is his relation of Manson's first case, the big moment for every doctor. Contrast the fawning suavity of the London medicos with the asinine forthrightness of the satirical Denny; the insouciant humor of the young bacteriologist and the stuffiness of the members of the Board.

The finest character, in our opinion, is that of Christine; strong, warm, immensely comforting in time of discouragement and always faithful — she is perhaps the perfect embodiment of the doctor's wife.

The novel is not without its flaws, however, for it seems that Dr. Cronin is unduly bitter. The book creates the impression that the medical profession is rife with abortionists and glorified money-hungry pill merchants. There is therefore not enough variety with regard to doctors, most of them are vicious penny-pinchers. Dr. Cronin proposes a solution to correct these defects, namely socialized medicine. Basing his idea on the statement that the general practitioner is insufficiently equipped to be thorough-going in all branches of medicine Cronin embodies his theory in *The Citadel*. He has Manson the physician, Denny the surgeon, and Hope, the bacteriologist, go into partnership and set up practice in a small English town, where for a reasonable annual fee they will take care of their patients. We feel it is not the place to enter into discussion concerning the ethical or practical sides of such a plan, though as Dr. Cronin depicts it, his proposition seems just, reasonable, and practical.

*Second Spring*, a play by Emmet Lavery, New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1938, 178 pp.

The central core about which Emmet Lavery has woven this latest play is the outstanding and really dramatic figure of Cardinal Newman. The "Second Spring" of his life, which is the title and theme of the play, is referred to by Newman himself in his *Apologia*. In accepting the Faith he forfeited the prestige of his brilliant career at Oxford and during a long winter of thirty years lived in oblivion and almost in disfavor, mistrusted even by the Catholic hierarchy. When, after he had laid bare his motives and dispelled this mistrust by the *Apologia*, he was finally raised even to the cardinalate, his life indeed seemed to be blooming in a second spring. The Catholic playwright has cast into dramatic form this long

struggle and final victory with fine appreciation of Newman's matchless spirit, but not without some technical difficulties.

Fundamentally, the Greeks had the right idea when they demanded unity of time in drama. While isolated genius may safely stretch a point at times, *Second Spring*, as an individual case, undoubtedly suffers from the violation of this unity. Dividing fifty-eight years into fifteen different leaps of time, for all that it may be faithful to reality, has a strong tendency to tear the play into mere vignettes of history. This fidelity to fact brings on another evil, that of multiplicity of characters and scenes. Each of forty-three characters has his or her little piece to say, and in some cases the most patent effect is one of pageantry — the illusion of hearing such time-honored personages as Gladstone and Wordsworth speak from the stage. From the practical point of view, the amateur may find the seventeen changes of scenery a tax on his resources, not to mention the consequent loss of the attention of the audience.

Loss of attention is all the more to be guarded against in a play of this timbre, in which the binding force is made of more delicate stuff than is ordinarily committed to the stage. The conflict about which the action is centered is difficult to point out precisely. The friction between the practical, diplomatic mind of Manning and the contemplative mind of Newman sets up the strongest opposition, and might be taken for the principal movement but that it leaves many scenes unaccounted for and only partially embodies the inner spirit of the play. Somewhat in the nature of *Hamlet*, there is a decided trend of conflict between the intellectual sincerity of Newman and the sham that littered both the English Church and the Catholic, but such a conflict does not extend to the fall-out between Newman and the Oxford Movement, which according to the play was led by sincere men who merely followed with too slow steps in the path where Newman ran. There is a third possibility suggested, that of a man forsaking everything for a conviction, and this straw, meager as it is, must suffice to hold the first act together. Newman's sincerity pitted against the bluff of the Irish Bishops and of the rest of the world admirably accounts for the second act, while the fight with Manning reaches its climax in Newman's triumph in the third act. With a little overlapping, it is easy to believe that the audience would be confused rather than carried irresistibly forward by this triple conflict set in a multiplicity of scenes.

In the character of Cardinal Newman, Emmet Lavery finds a happier task, for in the play the personality that shines through the *Apologia pro Vita Sua* breathes faithfully and in all its fullness on the stage. He is shown in private life as a man of simplicity, lovable and loved by all who know him intimately, and whose greatest luxury is a violin. The delicate touch by which the playwright makes him feel deeply his private injuries and disappointments in spite of his humble good-will and his sincere efforts to bear the jolts good-naturedly, has the marks of a

masterpiece of character interpretation. In the intellectual society in which he moved, he is shown not so much as a great leader who is worshipped blindly, but rather as a light that is followed willingly. Finally he is represented in his restless mind, which does not drive all before it hurricane-fashion, but works quietly and perseveringly, with that keenness and sincerity that placed him high among the celebrities of the Victorian Age. It is a role worthy of a great actor.

In point of style this play is quite simple; in fact it is conspicuous for its simplicity. It flows as easily and naturally as intimate conversation, and only occasionally do we observe a special flowering of phrase deftly inserted where variety demands. There is very little attempt to be poetic, and strong emotions do not enter in. What it does have is a highly sensitive adjustment to the finer feelings and imaginings of its intellectual subjects, and this quality, while it may not carry sufficiently well over the footlights, makes it a delight to read.

# Exchanges

John J. Morrison

When the first issue of *MEASURE* (1938) went to press, we had not at hand any current copies of the college literary magazines which we secure through our exchanges, so rather than evaluate any material at that time, we set up some few principles to be applied to exchange work. Since that time, issues of over twenty-five college publications have come to us. Lack of space prohibits our making a complete appraisal of very many of these, but we shall attempt a somewhat detailed evaluation of a few whole magazines, and a general criticism of the others, taken as a group.

The first magazine with which we are concerned is the *Rosary College Eagle*, a quarterly published by the students of Rosary College, at River Forest, Illinois. The most natural thing to consider first is, of course, the general appearance of the magazine. The cover is exceptionally attractive. The photographs of college scenes on the glossy pages forming the frontispiece and the center section are excellent pictures and are very well arranged. The typography of the book makes for easy reading (large type, well spaced lines). There is variety in the arrangement of the work composing the magazine. A guest article of a biographical nature, poetry, critical essay, short story, familiar essay, editorial essay, poetry, biography, current news item, poetry, article on student activity, biography, and the various departments. One of our chief concerns in the Exchange work of *MEASURE* this year is to bring about the establishment of a similar department in every college publication, for how else can we attain that fullest degree of co-operation which is our goal?

Now for a consideration of some of the component parts of the *Eagle*. "Dryden in a Coke and Smoke" might be called a critical short story. The author has endeavored to offer an appreciation of Dryden's criticisms of Shakespeare, presenting it in short story form. The idea of such presentation is novel and very commendable, but neither the actual appreciation nor the short story is very well handled. The appreciation is not detailed enough and is quite incoherent. The idea of creating the short story effect tends to distract the writer from giving a really worth while appreciation. Considered as a short story the work did not leave the reader with that singleness of impression which is the prime requisite of a short story. In spite of the original idea then, the author failed to accomplish anything worthwhile.

"A Blue Satin Negligee," a short story, offers an excellent characteri-

zation of a romantic old-maid secretary. The characters are very sharply drawn, the dialogue is true to life, and the plot is new and different.

The personal experiences of four young women, students at Rosary, engaged in missionary activities in the West furnished the material for "Street Preaching in Oklahoma." The article is pure narration, but is presented in a smooth, flowing style and tells of some *real*, constructive, positive Catholic Action carried on by college students. Action in the fullest sense of the word!

In "Mathew Mitchell," a biographical essay, the subject of which is the grand-father of the author, we find an excellent characterization of a type of pioneers denoted by her as "Pioneers, sternly simple men."

There are two editorials. The first, a plea for an organized Catholic youth movement in opposition to Communist, Nazi, and Facist youth activities, showing how easy such external unity could be achieved with the internal bond supplied by *one* Catholic Church which is the greatest unifying force in the world today, is concrete. It is very logically presented in fine editorial style.

The second editorial does not measure up to the first. It is, rather, incoherent, vague and trite. Incoherence is particularly evidenced by one paragraph concerned with Charity which has no relation to the rest of the article. Coherence is one quality that is particularly important in editorials since their object is to convince and if the reader cannot follow the line of thought very easily he will receive an unfavorable impression rather than conviction.

There is an alumnae department, divided into two sections, one giving general information; the other, notices of marriages, births, deaths, and new addresses of the members of the alumnae. These are treated simply and plainly. No more than the bare facts are given. A fine policy, since too many "literary" magazines devote too much space to alumni notes and still say nothing.

The book reviews are all of the same high caliber. They are devoted, as all good reviews should be and so many are not, to an evaluation of the book rather than to a synopsis of the story. That is the function of a book digest.

The department devoted to Drama and Art is made up of three well varied articles dealing with the personal experiences of a student in a summer stock company, with the opening presentation of Mauriac's *Asmадеe* at the Comédie Française, and with Emmet Lavery's idea of a Catholic play cycle. There is little to condemn or to praise in either of the latter two, but the first being something of a personal familiar essay, seems out of place in this section.

When all things have been considered we find that this issue of the *Rosary College Eagle* is perhaps the best example of the college literary magazine that we have secured through our exchanges.

The December issue of the *Gothic*, published by the Seminarians

of the Sacred Heart Seminary, of Detroit, Michigan, makes a splendid appearance. The cover art is Gothic in style, very much in keeping with the title of the magazine. However, there is very little artwork within the book itself. One complaint we might make about the make-up is that the title-editorial staff page is not placed as prominently as it should have been. The arrangement of articles, on the other hand, is excellent.

This issue of the *Gothic* abounds in articles on Catholic Action, all very good; the best: "It Happened Thus." There are articles on biography, and school activities, familiar essays, and a splendid literary article, "Thanks to the Essay," which brings out the point that essays, whatever their subject might be, have in common the characterization of intimacy or familiarity. We encourage the staff of the *Gothic* to publish more articles of this type, for there is a sad lack of articles on literary subjects in this issue, and work of this nature should be an important part of every literary magazine.

The book review department is in very capable hands, but we find the *Gothic* is without two other very important departments: Exchange and Editorials. With the addition of these two departments and the publishing of more articles on the subject of literature this already fine magazine will be far along the road to perfection.

The literary publication of the College of Mount Saint Vincent, the *Fronthill Dial*, does not make a striking appearance and is completely devoid of art work. This may sound rather discouraging, but after all these are not the only important points to be considered for we are concerned primarily with the literary work which a magazine contains. In this regard the *Dial* compares favorably with most of the college publications that have come to us. In looking for poetry we find none. Far better, however, to omit all poetry rather than publish that which is not of high caliber.

The editorial, "Ad Multum Bonum," a plea to us all to use our knowledge of the purpose and end of our existence, our "understanding of the marvelous plan of the world" as a key to a life of peace and happiness, showing beforehand the unhappiness, fear and doubt that pervade the lives of those not blessed with this knowledge or the faith to use it, is one of the best that we have ever read.

"Twilight Is For Dreams," beauty in itself, is an aesthetic study of the beauty in Night and in Day. It might be called poetic thought expressed in the form of prose.

"Let's Compare" is a truly thoughtful psychological study. The book review and exchange departments, and essays, familiar, travel, and biographical, round out this issue of the *Dial*, an issue that offers very pleasant reading.

Now for a general criticism of the other magazines we have before us, taken as a group.

Many of them are rather drab in appearance and have very little

or no art work. In a very few magazines a heavy dark type on a dull paper presents a somewhat forbidding and gloomy appearance and has the psychological effect of creating a bad impression of the liveliness of the articles published. As a whole the articles are as well arranged as possible, but very often lack of variety in material makes arrangement difficult. There seems to be a fond leaning toward the fiction article and the familiar essay dealing with personal experiences. Both types of work are good enough in themselves, but if a whole magazine is made up of them the reading of it becomes very monotonous. May we plead for more articles touching on literature, religion, music, painting, philosophy, social topics, and for more good poetry. Let us make variety in subject matter one of our first concerns in writing for college publications.

Departmental work is being carried on by most of our Exchanges. From a very few, however, we found editorials missing. There should be in every publication at least one article proclaiming the policy of the publication on an important subject. In our opinion no college journal is justified in omitting so essential an item.

Book reviews are given by most of the magazines, but far too many are concerned with an exposition of the plot rather than an appraisal of the literary worth of the book.

We wish to make one remark on the best example of exchange work that has come to us, found in *The Chimes*, of Cathedral College. In criticizing a magazine as a whole, the exchange editors of *The Chimes* follow the principle that "The whole is not greater than any of its parts." These men are working from a false premise, the falsity of which is self evident. The geometrical axiom that "The whole is not greater than the sum of its parts," however, would, with some modifications, furnish an excellent principle or basis of evaluation for a whole magazine.

Exchange work is being utterly neglected by far too many magazines and some of this work that we have found and read, fails to attain even to a small degree, the end for which it exists. In saying this we mean that a great number of exchange editors seem to be timid about criticizing someone else's work. If they can say nothing good about it they will say nothing at all. They fail to point out the shortcomings in a particular article, thereby neglecting to make the author of the article aware of his faults that he may correct them. If an exchange department can do no more than offer empty praise in sheer generalities it is taking up space that might be devoted to something more important. If all magazines were above criticism there would be no need for exchanges. We make the plea then that the staff of every college journal resolve to carry on some constructive work in the exchange field.

# Critical Notes

The Rev. Paul F. Speckbaugh, C.P.P.S.

The very first urge of my mind and fingers is to write once more of unity in Catholic Action among Catholic colleges. I cannot thrust it aside.

Immediately the ghost of hesitancy lurks at my shoulder. The plan is fantastic. The scheme is too new. After all, dreams must look to cold reality. Yet, two thoughts stand forth in my mind, two arguments that bring the encouraging note of common sense.

The Most Reverend Bishop Noll, on a recent visit to our College, pointed out to us that it is the wish of the Holy Father that Catholic Action take up not only the defensive part of the battle, but also the offensive side. With such encouragement from him who is the Light of Catholic Action, hesitancy flies from my desk. If we know and understand the meaning of the Pope's wish, we will not wait until our Faith and our Colleges are attacked; we will do something *now* to clinch our common bonds in education.

A second consideration reminds us that something of a common front does exist, The Catholic Association for International Peace. If this organization can operate among higher institutions with such success, surely something for the broader cause of Catholic Action is not so unthinkable.

Once more I offer the suggestion for the Faculty Advisers of our college magazines. Discussion, surely, will not be fruitless.

Again I must point out to all readers the *Catholic Masterpiece Series* which is being edited by Sheed and Ward. In this issue I can speak of them as a reality. Cheap editions? Of course. But they represent one of the greatest (in my restricted estimation) steps forward in Catholic publishing. In defense of this statement there are at least three good reasons: they are in the first instance books with solid and fine content; then, they are well-made from the printer's point of view; finally, they have a price which should make them available to a great number of Catholics throughout the country.

These remarks are intended to be convincing and by no means flattering. Anyone who knows something of the condition of Catholic books in our country will realize the importance of this undertaking. Seriously we pray for the success of the venture of Sheed and Ward.

From D'Youville and Mundelein Colleges comes news of further steps in the building up of the Catholic Theatre. At Buffalo the students presented a number of one-act plays written and acted by the students

themselves. This is a fine step in the creation of Catholic drama. At Chicago, the verse-choir has given to the public its interpretation of some masterpieces in Catholic poetry. Here again is a contribution that is full of meaning for the stage of our Colleges.

But once again, where is the news of our Catholic men's institutions. Is this a matter of masculine modesty? Or are the young men in our colleges interested only in the creation of naturalistic short stories and in reports of athletics? This is more than a question; it is a challenge. How long must we continue to point to three or four playwrights, men, in some instances, who have had their training not in Catholic halls but in secular surroundings? Catholic Theatre waits, and our youth search in a puzzle for fields to conquer.

Perhaps nothing makes one realize the seriousness of Catholic education so much as a publication which comes from the Catholic students of Cambridge University. This is called *Integration*. In its pages, true enough, there is no hilarity and fun, no thrilling short story or passing fancy; there is always the grim business of sober work. Yet it is by no means dead or gloomy. Here is life, the true life of any intellectual student, lived with fulness and zest. Here is strength and forthrightness; here is a pleading, crying attempt to show to all the world the richness of living the Catholic way.

To *Integration* we send our earnest felicitations. For it we beg God's blessing in every undertaking.

As yet these Notes are quite singular in the story of Catholic college magazines. Until now no comment has been made, no criticism offered.

If they are worthless, I shall appreciate hearing that statement from any critic. If there might be some worth not only for ourselves but for other magazines, I shall be grateful for any hints as to improvement and enrichment. This is a plea.